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Professor Arnold Guyot, A. D. D.
with the profound regard
of his friend, L. C. T.

January 1st 1867.



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✓
THE
SEVEN GREAT HYMNS

OF THE

Mediaeval Church.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright Day !
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

THIRD EDITION.

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY	1
DIES IRÆ	44
STABAT MATER	96
VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS	106
VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS	114
VEXILLA REGIS	120
THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE	126

APPENDIX	134
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TO THE READER.

THIS work was suggested by the interest felt in Mr. Prime's little book, the hymn, "*O Mother Dear Jerusalem.*" It is published with a wish that it shall be placed beside his, and that, finding the same welcome, it may yield, or perhaps revive, the same pleasure and receive the same approval.

To save from years belonging to the darkened past thoughts of real, undeparted worth—to clothe these utterances in a dress neither too common for the requirements of our taste, nor too good for our daily use—to do this in the hope that purer eyes will often rest upon its

pages, and a holy faith find refreshment in its imagery—that some one better than its author will keep it always near, a secret, sympathetic friend for lonely hours, or gather, in sorrow, from its sentences the consolation which they possess—confesses the object for which it has existed, and to which it is devoted.

These hopes, which were expressed in the first edition of this work, were fulfilled almost at the instant of its publication. And the assurances that its real object was attained were more grateful than even hope had promised. A continuing demand by the public has led to this revised edition, wherein some trivial errors are corrected, and two versions of the *Dies Iræ* are added. The seven translations now given will render, it is believed, the English exposition of the Great Hymn complete.

NEW YORK, June, 1866.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

BERNARD DE MORLAS, monk of Cluni, is not to be confounded with the great Bernard his contemporary, Abbot of Clairvaux, and Saint in the Romish calendar. The place of his nativity is uncertain, and the years of his birth and of his death are alike unknown. He lived during the first half of the twelfth century; he was born, according to one authority, at *Morlaix*, in Bretagne; according to another, at *Morlas*, in the lower Pyrenees; whilst a third gives his birth-place to England, and classes him with her illustrious writers (*De illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus*).¹ After seven centuries of comparative forgetfulness, the genius of two English scholars has revived a portion of his works; and hereafter his name will be best known in that country, which may possibly possess his birth-place.

There still survive of his writings five poems, the greatest of which is *De Contemptu Mundi*. It was written about 1145, and contains three thousand lines, divided into three books. In substance the poem is a satire, unforgiving and severe: in form it is in dactylic hexameter verse, wherein each line consists of three parts, and two of these parts rhyme with each other, while the lines themselves are in couplets of double rhyme. It is a verse pedantically called "leonine" and tailed rhyme, with lines in three parts, "between which a cæfura is not admissible."²

The poem commences thus:

Hora novissima, || tempora pessima || sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter || imminet arbiter || ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet || et mala terminet, || æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, || anxia liberet, || æthera donet,
Auferat aspera || duraque pondera || mentes onustæ,
Sobria muniat, || improba puniat, || utraque iuste.

Hours of the latest! times of the basest! our vigil before us!
 Judgment eternal of Being supernal now hanging o'er us!
 Evil to terminate, equity vindicate, cometh the Kingly;
 Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing, crowning each singly,
 Bearing life's weariness, tasting life's bitterness, life as it must be;
 Th' righteous retaining, sinners arraiguing, judging all justly.

This verse, so difficult that the English language is incapable of expressing it, is continued through the three thousand lines of the poem. In his preface the monk avows the belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the SPIRIT of GOD enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. After recounting its difficulties, and alluding to the faint attempts of the two great versifiers of his day, Hildebert de Lavaradin and Wichard of Lyons, he exclaims: "I may then assert, not in ostentation, but with humble confidence, that if I had not received directly from on high the gift of inspiration and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little accorded to the powers of the human mind."

"This work," says the author of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, "was drawn from the dust in 1483, and its publication was achieved on the tenth of December of the same year, at Paris, *in magni domo campi Gaillardii*. The Protestants, eager to gather every thing which appears unfavorable to the Church of Rome, have since multiplied the editions. Some Catholics have also given to it some praises; and surely it merits them, at least by the sentiments of piety which it exhales, and by the zeal with which the author attacks the abuses of his time."

“In holy Rome the only power is gold;
There all is bought—there every thing is sold.
Because she is the very way to right,
There truth is perished by unholy sleight.
Even as the wheel turns, Rome to evil turns,
Rome, that spreads fragrance as when incense burns.
Rome wrongs mankind, and teaches men the road
To flee far off from Righteousness’ abode!
To seek for ruinous and disgraceful gain,
The pallium’s self with simony to stain.
If aught you wish, be sure a goodly bribe
Will haste the sealing of the lingering scribe.
Rise! follow! let your penny go before,
Seek boldly then the threshold; fear no more
That any stumbling-blocks will bar the way,
The Pope’s own favor you can get for pay—
Without that help, ’tis best to keep away.”

The opening of this monkish satire on the corruptions of its barbarous age, glows with a description of the Heavenly Land more beautiful than ever before was wrought in verse. This a great scholar of our time has taken from the poem and brought within the reach and notice of the world (*Trench*). It also has been re-woven into simple English verse, and has received the appropriate name of THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

The translator of THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY is Dr. John Mason Neale, Warden of Sackville College, Suffex, England, the most successful translator of mediæval hymns, and one of the most varied and voluminous writers of the time. "Lays and Legends of the Church of England;" "A Church History for Children;" seven volumes of romances; a history of Greece; a history of Portugal; of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, and of the Jansenist Church of Holland; a large number of tales and hymns for children, and a most learned and elaborate commentary on the Book of Psalms, are included in the long catalogue of his works.

This scholar of Cambridge, and this monk of Cluni, have given to the religious world the sweetest and dearest religious poem that our language contains. Dr. Neale says that he looks upon the lines of Bernard "as the most *lovely*, "in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most "sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic "of mediæval poems," but his own poem may claim more justly that word. THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY is better than *De Contemptu Mundi*.

The beautiful simplicity of its artless, childlike lines portrays more naturally the fervid imagery of the monk. After seven hundred years of darkness, the holy fervor of Bernard re-kindles in it as warmly as when in the warmth of his devotion he believed himself specially inspired by the Most High. In another language, at another time, and among those who can but dimly trace his name in the crumbling record of his works, the Rhyme of the poor monk relives to gladden the hearts of other Christians, loved by such as possess its faith, and treasured by the gentlest and the best of earth.³

THE
CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

DR. NEALE.

I.

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late ;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom !

2.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

4.

Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,

And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee ;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite—
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

5.

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around—
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace ! for war is needless—
Yes, calm ! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

6.

That peace—but who may claim it ?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say—
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth ;
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth ;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high ;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

7.

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below ;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.

8.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight ;
Till JESUS gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill—
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

9.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet ;
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in ;

When the heavenly net is laden
 With fishes many and great
(So glorious in its fulness,
 Yet so inviolate) ;
And perfect from unperfected,
 And fall'n from those that stand,⁴
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
 Shall part on either hand.

10.

And these shall pass to torment,
 And those shall triumph then—
The new peculiar nation,
 Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them ;
 They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
 In blissfulness and mirth—
The glorious holy people,
 Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
 The King, the Crucified—
The sacred ransomed number
 Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword
Of JESUS Nazarene,
Who (fed with heavenly nectar
Where foul-like odors play)
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day.

II.

And, through the sacred lilies
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide ;
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze :
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.

12.

Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,

Who gives instead of torment,
Eternal joys above—
Instead of torment, glory ;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites, is rife.

13.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ;
The life that knows no ending—
The tearless life, is there.

14.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwelling,
Beyond the starry sky !
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace ;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place.

15.

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground ;
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know ;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

16.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,

And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope ;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

17.

The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay ;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away ;
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend ;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I ?
All ill, all ill shall end !

18.

And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow ;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow—

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no fore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

19.

There JESUS shall embrace us,
There JESUS be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall shew Him us, and shewing,
Shall satiate evermo.

20.

By hope we struggle onward :
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness ;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.

21.

And JESUS to His true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see ;
 And JESUS shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee—
 Beheld, when morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 And every ear shall hear it—
*“ Behold thy King’s array,
 Behold thy GOD in beauty,
 The Law hath pass’d away ! ”*

22.

Yes ! GOD my King and Portion,
 In fulness of Thy grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
 Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
 And Leah into Rachel
 For ever shall be changed ;⁵

Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

23.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unktion to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

24.

O one, O onely Mansion !
O Paradife of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,

The hyssop of the wall ;
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is CHRIST.⁶

25.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise :
 "JESUS, *the Gem of Beauty,*
True GOD and Man," they sing,
 "The never-failing Garden,
 The ever-golden Ring ;
 The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of his Court ;
 The Day-star of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port !"

26.

THOU HAST NO SHORE, FAIR OCEAN !
THOU HAST NO TIME, BRIGHT DAY !
DEAR FOUNTAIN OF REFRESHMENT
TO PILGRIMS FAR AWAY !
UPON THE ROCK OF AGES
THEY RAISE THY HOLY TOWER ;
THINE IS THE VICTOR'S LAUREL,
AND THINE THE GOLDEN DOWER !

27.

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own ;
The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

28.

The only art thou needest—
Thanksgiving for thy lot ;
The only joy thou seekest—
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's !

29.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,
WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,
BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION
SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED.
I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,
WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE !
WHAT RADIANCY OF GLORY,
WHAT LIGHT BEYOND COMPARE !

30.

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints ;

And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

31.

THEY STAND, THOSE HALLS OF SYON,
CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,
AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANGEL,
AND ALL THE MARTYR THRONG ;
THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM,
THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE ;
THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED
ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEEN.

32.

THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID,
AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEASED,
THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMPH,
THE SHOUT OF THEM THAT FEAST ;
AND THEY WHO, WITH THEIR LEADER,
HAVE CONQUERED IN THE FIGHT,
FOR EVER AND FOR EVER
ARE CLAD IN ROBES OF WHITE !⁷

33.

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim ;
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter—
And so it is on high.

34.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !

Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

35.

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe ;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

36.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise !
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device !
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart ;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art !

37.

New mansion of new people,
Whom GOD's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite !
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the LORD !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !⁸

38.

And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes,
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the Faith below.

39.

And there the Sole-Begotten
Is LORD in regal state—

He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of Life !

40.

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I ;
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way ;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

41.

The best and dearest FATHER,
Who made me and who saved,

Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep :
But grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

42.

O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold !
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless !
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

43.

Exult, O dust and ashes !

The LORD shall be thy part ;

His only, His for ever,

Thou shalt be, and thou art !

Exult, O dust and ashes !

The LORD shall be thy part ;

His only, His for ever,

Thou shalt be, and thou art !⁹

HORA NOVISSIMA.

BERNARD OF CLUNI.

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.

Imminet, imminet et mala terminet, æqua coronet,

Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet,
Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentes onustæ,
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque iuste.

* * * * *

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve
fletur ;

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retri-
buetur ;

O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;

O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis ;

Quid datur et quibus ? æther egentibus et cruce
dignis,

Sidera vermibus, optima fontibus, astra malignis.

Sunt modò prælia, postmodò præmia ; qualia ?
plena,

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna :
Spe modò vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone ;
Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ ;
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
Solvēt enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit.
Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus ibit Hebræus ;
Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilæus.
Patria luminis, infcia turbinis, infcia litis,
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis ;
Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
Tunc erit omnibus insipientibus ora Tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis ;
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixa,
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria pulcraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria collacrymantur ;

Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus,
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
Est ibi confita laurus, et insita cedrus hyfopo;
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo:
Hinc tibi fardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus;
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque
Christus.

Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modò
rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula fuscipis, inspicis ora:
Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa:
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita conju-
bilare.

Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis:
Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit:

O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce ferena :
Est ibi pascua, mitibus affluta, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus
 albis

Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine
 lite

In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitæ.
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis :
Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,
Pectora flammea spe modò, postea sorte lucran-
 tur.

Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cælo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristior,
 anhelo :

Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,
Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado
 retro

Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,
Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia plena decore ;

Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O
pax,

Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi
mendax ;

O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite

Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,

Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, fa-
luto ;

Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte
perire,

Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ ;

Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,

Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fide-
que,

Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.

Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit ;

In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, à lue lavit.

Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis,

Parcere fordibus, interioribus unctio morbis ;

Diluit omina cœlica gratia, fons David undans

Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans ;

O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,

Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cœlica festa.
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete
 lauro,

O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?
Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque,
 videbis.

Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? dic,
 Retinebis

O facer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus, O miser, O reus hâc vidu-
 atus.¹⁰

NOTES.

¹ "Le surnom de Bernard varie en trois manières dans les manuscrits. Les uns l'expriment par Morlanensis qui Pitseus rapporte à une ville d'Angleterre sans la désigner; les autres portent Morvalensis, que Fabricius explique de la vallée de Maurienne; il en est enfin où l'on trouve Morlacensis, qu'on peut appliquer ou à Morlaix en Basse-Bretagne, ou à la Morlas dans le comté de Bigorre. Mais il est certain, ¹, que la seconde dénomination est la plus rare; ², que les anciennes chartes emploient indifféremment les deux autres pour marquer un citoyen de la dernière ville, ce qui nous fait pencher à la regarder comme la vraie patrie de Bernard."—*Histoire Littéraire de la France*.

Dr. Neale says that Bernard was "born at Morlaix in Bretagne, but of English parents." Trench calls him "the contemporary and fellow-countryman of his more illustrious namesake of Clairvaux." Pitseus simply says, "*Natione Angliis, ordinis S. Benedicti, Monachus Cluniacensis*."

² In his introduction to "The Celestial Country," Dr. Neale says:—"I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original; because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin."—*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. London, 2d Edition.

³ "As a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth," says Dr. Neale, "the poem [*De Contemptu Mundi*] opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty

as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' gave a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work. From that cento I translated the larger part in the first edition of the present book, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, and not that of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections; so that in some shape or other the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalized among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry."

"It would be most unthankful did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor He has given some of the centos made from the poem, but especially *Jerusalem the Golden*. It has found a place in some twenty hymnals; and for the last two years it has hardly been possible to read any newspaper, which gives prominence to ecclesiastical news, without seeing its employment chronicled at some dedication or other festival. It is also a great favorite with dissenters, and has obtained admission to the Roman Catholic services. 'And I say this,' to quote Bernard's own preface, 'in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly.'

"But more thankful still am I that the Cluniac's verses should have soothed the dying hours of many of God's servants, the most striking instance, of which I know, is related in the memoir published by Mr. Brownlow, under the title, *A Little Child shall lead them*; where he says that the child of whom he writes, when suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion, while the whole four hundred lines were read.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic of mediæval poems. They are even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the *De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradisi* of St. Peter Damiani. For the sake of comparison, I quote some of the most striking stanzas of the latter, availing myself of the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth (*Med. Hymns*, 2d Edition, London):

THE GLORY AND JOYS OF PARADISE.

THERE nor waxing moon, nor waning
 Sun nor stars in courses bright;
 FOR the LAMB to that glad city
 Shines an everlasting light:
 THERE the daylight beams for ever,
 All unknown are time and night.

FOR the Saints, in beauty beaming,
 Shine in light and glory pure;
 CROWNED in triumph's flushing honors,
 Joy in unison secure;
 AND in safety tell their battles,
 And their foes' discomfiture.

FREED from every stain of evil,
 All their carnal wars are done;
 FOR the flesh made spiritual
 And the soul agree in one;
 PEACE unbroken spreads enjoyment,
 Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being ;
 Passingness hath passed away ;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
 For decayed is all decay :
Lasting energy hath swallowed
 Darkling death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit
 Hath its varying palm assigned,
Love takes all as his possession,
 Where his power hath all combined ;
So that all that each possesses
 All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honor,
 Unto this Thy city free
Lead me when my warfare's girdle
 I shall cast away from me—
A partaker in Thy bounty
 With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigor, while I labor
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou mayst, the conflict over,
 Grant me everlasting rest ;
And I may at length inherit
 Thee, my portion ever blest."

"Archdeacon Trench says very well, after referring to the Ode of Casimir (the great Latin poet of Poland), *Urit me Patriæ decor*, that both 'turn upon the same theme, the heavenly home-sickness; but with all the classical beauty of the Ode,

and it is great, who does not feel that the poor Cluniac monk's is the more real and deep utterance ?

"The Ode, however, is well worthy of a translation, and here is an attempt :

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

It kindles all my soul,
 My Country's loveliness ! Those starry choirs
 That watch around the pole,
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
 Through golden halls that roll.
 O chorus of the night ! O planets, sworn
 The music of the spheres
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
 To rest till day appears !
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
 Why here, oh why so long,
 Do ye behold an exile from on high ?
 Here, O ye shining throng,
 With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie :
 Here let me drop my chain,
 And dust to dust returning, cast away
 The trammels that remain ;
 The rest of me shall spring to endless day !"

4 These two lines are taken from the last London edition.
 In some editions they are thus given :

"And the perfect from the shattered,
 And the fallen from them that stand."

5 "Leah and Rachel are allegorized in three different ways by mediæval poets. First, of the active and contemplative life ; and

thence also, by an easy transition, to the toil we endure on earth, and the eternal contemplation of God's glory in Heaven as here. So again, in a fine but rugged prose in the Nuremberg Missal for St. Jerome's Day :

Then, when all carnal strife hath ceased,
And we from warfare are released,
O grant us in that Heavenly Feast
To see Thee as Thou art :
To Leah give, the battle won,
Her Rachel's dearer heart ;
To Martha, when the strife is done,
Her Mary's better part.

"The parallel symbol of Martha and Mary is, however, in this sense far more common, and is even found in epitaphs, as in that of Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror :

A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love ;
And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.

"Bernard, in the passage we are considering, has a double propriety in the changes of which he speaks. Israel, according to St. Augustine's rendering, means, *He that beholds God* ; Rachel, according to the unwarrantable mediæval explanation, *That beholds the Beginning*, i. e., CHRIST. Thus, the change spoken of is from earth to the Beatific Vision ; and has a reference also to the New Name and White Stone of the Apocalypse.

"The second allegory of Leah and Rachel expounds them of the Synagogue and the Church ; the third makes them to represent earthly affliction patiently endured"—*Mediæval Hymns*. 2d Edition.

6 "It is not without a deep mystical meaning that these stones are selected by the poet.

"The twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. 'Jasper,' says the comment of Marbodius, 'is the first foundation of the Church of God, and is of a green color.' 'It signifies those who always hold the Faith of God and never depart from it, or wither, but are always flourishing therein, and fear not the assaults of the devil.' 'The emerald is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness.' 'By the emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigor of their faith, and dwell among infidels who be frigid and arid in their love.' 'The sardius, which is wholly red, signifies the martyrs who pour forth their blood for CHRIST.' 'The topaz is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colors, one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems, and nothing is more beautiful. It signifies those who love God and their neighbor.' 'The amethyst is entirely red, and shoots out rosy flames. Its color signifies earthly suffering; its emissions, prayers for those that cause it.'"
—*Mediæval Hymns*. 2d Edition.

7 These stanzas are evidently considered by Dr. Neale his best. See page 37. *In deference to that opinion*, they are given here in the form in which they appear in the last edition of *Mediæval Hymns*.

8 "*Decachord*, with reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the 'instrument of ten strings' of the perfect harmony of heaven."

9 "I have been so often asked to what tune the words of Bernard may be sung, that I may here mention that of Mr. Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and with children the most

popular; that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical; and that of another friend, Mr. Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words."—*Mediæval Hymns*. 2d Edition.

10 No copy of *De Contemptu Mundi* is known to be in the United States, and hence the extract given is only the cento from Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, preceded by the first six lines of the poem. It is the part first translated by Dr. Neale, beginning at the line, "Brief life is here our portion."

NOTE, that in this edition of *The Celestial Country* these changes have been made:

1st. The poem has been divided into irregular stanzas. This change of form is partly for the convenience of those who love to refer and re-refer to favorite passages; partly to enable children readily to select from it stanzas to be learned or sung; but chiefly to render its intermingling sentences more clear to those who have not become familiar with its construction.

2d. The punctuation has been materially remodelled and changed.

3d. The author's text has been altered in three instances, wherein the errors corrected seem manifestly slips of the pen or blunders of the compositor, viz., in the ninth stanza, line fourteen, "those" is substituted for "them;" in the twenty-second stanza, line two, "Thy" is substituted for "His," and in the forty-first stanza, line nine, "But" is substituted for "And."

THE DIES IRÆ.

A FRANCISCAN monk named Thomas, born near the beginning of the thirteenth century, at Celano, a Neapolitan village, achieved some reputation in his time as the friend and biographer of St. Francis de Assisi, founder of the Order of Minorites. About the year 1250, as is supposed, he wrote a brief lyric, which, reaching above and beyond his creed and time, has entered in some form into the worship of every Christian people. In the Romish Burial Service it forms the *Sequence for the Dead*, and is sung with solemn majesty at the great Sixtine Chapel, while portions of it enter into the praise or meditations of nearly "all who profess and call themselves Christians." So that, becoming more highly esteemed, and more generally known with each century of its long history, it is at the present time both sung at Rome and approved by all Protestant Christendom.

A long list might be framed of the great who have avowed for it a supreme admiration, excelling that yielded to any other composition of its kind. And such a roll would contain the names of men of different countries as of different creeds; of soldiers, statesmen and poets; of historians, Churchmen, and composers, upon whose lips it has hovered, and in whose works it has been engraved. Mozart, Haydn, Goethe, Schlegel, Johnson, Dryden, Scott, Milman, and Jeremy Taylor would be among these names.

This lyric, which is the greatest of hymns, nevertheless is cast in the simplest of forms. Beginning with an exclamation from the Scriptures, it continues through its few stanzas the address of a single actor upon a single subject. Its measure could not be more artless, nor its stanzas more simple. The august language in which it is clothed, it has bent into the form of rhyme, and this rhyme is of a kind which is said to be wanting in dignity, and better adapted to comic than to elevated verse. Yet it commands the homage of the Englishman, the German, the Italian, and the modern Greek;

and even possesses so strange a gift of fascination, a gift in which no other composition equals and but one other approaches it, that the very sound of its words will allure him who is ignorant of their meaning.

This marvellous power cannot be measured and defined, yet a distinguished American clergyman has thus closely analyzed it: "Combining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin, with the rhymes of the mediæval Latin, treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of Scripture as to the last Judgment, and throwing this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric simplicity of the style in which it is set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences, and uniting with the impassioned feelings of the South, whence it emanated, the gravity of the North, whose severer style it adopted."—*Dr. W. R. Williams.*

The Great Hymn has ever allured and eluded translators. Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to

be thus transferred. A German theologian (Lischo, Berlin, 1843) has collected and published eighty-seven versions, nearly all of which are in the German. In our English tongue the task of rendering the Latin into verse of the same measure is more difficult, and some of our translators have sought to reproduce the form, and others to preserve the power of the original. The reader of Scott will remember with what strength a few stanzas burst on us in the first reading of "The Lay." In form and meaning they hardly claim the name of a translation, yet they have caught the spirit of the hymn with a vividness that nothing in our language equals.

The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal ;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose ;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA !

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;

While the pealing organ rung ;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung :

That day of wrath, that dreadful day !
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

I.

The established version of the hymn is known as that of Paris. It differs in but one line from that of Rome, which has for the third line of the first stanza, *Crucis expandens vexilla*.

There have been stanzas prefixed to the hymn and others added ; but, in its great strength, it has shaken off all such spurious additions. A marble slab in the Church of St. Francis, at Mantua, bore a copy of the hymn prefaced by five stanzas, which many scholars have thought, from the great age of the church, authentic. But the church is a century younger than the hymn, and these stanzas condemn themselves :

Dies illa, dies iræ
Quam conemur prævenire,
Obveamque Deo iræ.

The inversion of the Scriptural text, the poverty of the rhyme, and the weakness of the thought, are not faults of the *DIES IRÆ*. Its author undoubtedly took the quotation from Zephaniah as a text, and placed it at the head

of his composition; and the inversion, "*Dies illa, dies iræ*," is the play upon words to which an imitator alone would resort.

II.

The author of the first translation given in this volume, in a preface to his work, says:

"A production universally acknowledged to
 "have no superior of its class should be as lit-
 "erally rendered as the structure of the lan-
 "guage into which it is translated will admit.
 "Moreover, no translation can be complete
 "which does not conform to the original in its
 "rhythmic quantities. The music of the *DIES*
 "*IRÆ* is as old as the hymn, if not older; and
 "with those who are familiar with both, they
 "are inseparably connected in thought. To
 "satisfy the exactions of such minds, the ca-
 "dences must be the same."

In this endeavor the author has so well succeeded, that when this version is compared stanza by stanza with the original, it will be found to be in the same trochaic measure, in the

same difficult double rhyme, in stanzas of the same triplicate construction, and, with fewest errors, to be as a translation the most literal and just that has been made. Yet this success in letters was achieved by a soldier, during the gloomiest period of a great and distracting war. The author is Major-General John A. Dix, U. S. V., and the translation was made at Fortres Monroe, in the second year of the Rebellion.

III.

The intense power of the Great Hymn is also exemplified in the different renderings which have been made by the same author. Dr. Abraham Coles, an American physician, has performed indeed the remarkable task of making thirteen different versions; six of which are in the trochaic measure and double rhyme of the hymn, and all are sufficiently distinct and original to form the creditable work of thirteen different men. This version is the first of Dr. Coles.

IV.

The next version is the eleventh of Dr. Coles. It is in single rhyme and iambic verse, and therein differs from the original.

V.

This version is by that nobleman of whom Pope has written :

“Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good,
Of manners generous as his noble blood :
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author’s merit but his own.”

And of whom Dryden has confessed :

“It was my Lord Roscommon’s essay on
“translated verse which made me uneasy till I
“tried whether or no I was capable of follow-
“ing his rules, and of reducing the speculation
“into practice.”

And of whom Johnson has recorded :

“At the moment in which he expired, he
“uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed

“ the most fervent devotion, two lines of his
“ own version of *DIES IRÆ* :

‘ My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.’ ”

In the beautiful fervor of its devotion, Roscommon’s excels all other translations, but its verse is not that of the *DIES IRÆ*.

VI.

Crashaw, the contemporary of Herbert, and friend of Cowley, is the author of this version. It is the oldest in our language (1646), though there is a weak paraphrase by Drummond of Hawthornden, beginning :

Ah, filly foul ! what wilt thou say
When He, whom heaven and earth obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day !

No translation surpasses Crashaw’s in strength, but the form of his stanza and the measure of his verse are least like those of the original.

VII.

The version of Dr. W. J. Irons may be regarded as the accepted version of the present day in Great Britain, and is the one selected by the *Hymnal Noted*. It is in the double rhyme and measure of the original, and parts of it bear a striking resemblance to the American version of General Dix. But a much more curious coincidence in conception, with an absolute identity of language in many parts, exists in the unpublished version of an accomplished translator (Mr. A. Périès, of Philadelphia), wherein several stanzas differ but little from those of General Dix. The eleventh stands as follows :

“ Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant us sinners absolution
Ere the day of dissolution !”

VIII.

It is a notable fact in the history of the *DIES IRÆ*, that the best English translations which we possess are not the work of our

great poets. A recent version, which so capable and accomplished a critic as Mr. Prime pronounces to be “in many respects the best English version hitherto produced, and peculiarly valuable for those who do not read the Latin, and who desire to gain some idea of the power and beauty of this most celebrated hymn of the Church,” also illustrates this remarkable fact. The author is Edward Slosson, Esq., of the bar of New York.

And in this connection it may be observed, that even so accomplished a master in prose and verse as Macaulay has succeeded no better in the difficult task than is shown by his version written for the *London Christian Observer* in 1826, beginning—

“On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the Sibyl sang of old;
Thus hath holy David told.
There shall be a deadly fear
When the Avenger shall appear;
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of men shall lie.”

I.

THOMAS DE CELANÓ.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustię, dies calamitatis et miserię, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulae et turbinis, dies tubę et clangoris super civitatis munitas, et super angulos excelsos!—*Sophonia*, i. 15, 16.

I.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

II.

GENERAL DIX.

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, *a day of trouble and distress, a day of vastness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!*—ZEPHANIAH, i. 15, 16.

I.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow !
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

2.

Ah ! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

3.

To the throne, the trumpet founding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

IV.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit :
Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.

Quid sum, miser ! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus ?

4.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

5.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages !

6.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

7.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

VIII.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;
Ne me perdas illâ die !

X.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

XI.

Iuste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

8.

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

9.

Holy JESUS, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

10.

Worn and weary, Thou hast fought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus ;
Supplici parce, Deus !

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIV.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne !

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

12.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

13.

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

14.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

15.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis !

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

XVIII.

Lacrymosa dies illa !
Qua refurget ex favillâ.
Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

16.

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames furrounded,
Be my joyful pardon founded !

17.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning ;
Save, O save me from the burning !

18.

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition !

III.

DR. COLES.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

2.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendour,
Strict to mark and just to render.

3.

Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.

DR. COLES.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of dole,
When a fire shall wrap the whole,
And the earth be burnt to coal !

2.

O, what horror smiting dumb
When the Judge of all shall come,
Sinful deeds to search and sum !

3.

Trump's reverberating roar
Through the sepulchres shall pour,
Citing all the Throne before.

4.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

5.

Book where actions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

6.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

7.

What shall I say, that time pending ?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending ?

4.

Death and Nature stand aghast,
While the dead, in numbers vast,
Rise to answer for the past.

5.

Volume writ by GOD's own pen,
Chronicling the deeds of men,
Shall be brought, and dooms be then.

6.

When the Judge shall sit, behold !
What is secret He'll unfold,
No just punishment withhold.

7.

Ah ! what plea shall I prepare,
To what Patron make my prayer,
When the just well-nigh despair ?

8.

Dreadful KING, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save Thou me, O Fount of Blessing !

9.

Think, O JESUS, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season !

10.

Seeking me Thy worn feet halted,
On the cross Thy foul death tasted :
Let such travail not be wasted !

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution !
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution !

8.

King majestic beyond thought,
Whose free grace cannot be bought,
Save me, whose desert is naught !

9.

O remember, JESUS, I
Was the cause and reason why
Thou didst come on earth to die !

10.

Me Thou fought'st with weary feet,
And my ransom didst complete :
Let such pity naught defeat !

11.

Judge inflexible and strict,
Pardon, ere that day convict,
And th' unchanging doom inflict !

12.

Culprit-like I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token :
Let the pardoning word be spoken !

13.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

14.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit !

15.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided !

The Dies Irae.

12.

Like a criminal I sigh,
Blushing, penitently cry :
Pass, LORD, my offences by !

13.

Thou, who Mary erst didst bless,
Heard'st the thief in his distress ;
Hope has given me no less.

14.

Worthless are my prayers and vain,
But in love do not disdain,
Lest I reap eternal pain !

15.

On Thy right hand grant me place
Mid the sheep, a chosen race—
Far from goats devoid of grace !

16.

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven !

17.

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying !

18.

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence :
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, LORD, in that hour of terror !

16.

When the thunder of Thine ire
Headlong hurls to quenchless fire,
Let Thy welcome me inspire !

17.

I entreat Thee, bending low,
Heart as ashes, full of woe,
Succor in mine end bestow !

18.

When upon that day of tears
Man from dust again appears,
Fate depending on Thy nod :
Spare the sinner then, O God !

V.

EARL ROSCOMMON.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

2.

What horror will invade the mind
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.

3.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

VI.

RICHARD CRASHAW

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my foul, what serious things
Both the Pfalm and Sibyl sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away !

2.

O that Fire ! before whose face
Heaven and earth shall find no place :
O those Eyes ! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

3.

O that Trump ! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

4.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

5.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred, mystic book be read
To try the living and the dead.

6.

The Judge ascends His awful throne ;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

7.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake
When the most just have cause to quake !

4.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come !" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

5.

O that book ! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge ! whose hand, whose eye
None can endure, yet none can fly.

6.

Ah then, poor soul ! what wilt thou say ?
And to what patron choose to pray,
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more shall stand ?

7.

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee ;
And with the wings of Thine own dove
Fly to Thy sceptre of soft love !

8.

Thou mighty, formidable KING !
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

9.

Forget not what my ransom cost ;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terrors tost.

10.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain !

11.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day !

8.

Dear ^{*}[LORD], remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way ;
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me !

9.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost ?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness ?

10.

Just Mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me ;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

11.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye ;
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without, and pale within.

12.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep ! accept my tears !

13.

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief !

14.

Reject not my unworthy prayer ;
Preserve me from the dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

15.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among Thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

12.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day !
If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive,
O, say the word, my soul shall live !

13.

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

14.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine ;
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be,
And show Thou art by saving me.

15.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let " Come ye blessed " then call me !

16.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy feat of blifs.

17.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend :
Do not forsake me in my end !

18.

Well may they curse their second breath
Who rise to a reviving death :
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find !

16.

When the dread “*ITE*” shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand !

17.

O, hear a suppliant heart all crush’d,
And crumbled into contrite dust !
My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me, and of my end !

VII.

DR. IRONS.

I.

DAY of Wrath ! O Day of mourning !
See ! once more the Crofs returning,
Heav'n and earth in afhes burning !

2.

O what fear man's bofom rendeth,
When from Heav'n the Judge defcendeth,
On whose fentence all dependeth !

3.

Wondrous found the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's fepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !

VIII.

MR. SLOSSON.

I.

DAY OF WRATH! of days THAT DAY!
Earth in flames shall melt away,
Pfalmist thus and Sibyl say.

2.

What swift terrors then shall fall,
When descends the Judge of all,
Every action to recall!

3.

When the trump, with wondrous tone
Through the graves of nations gone,
Bids the race confront the Throne.

4.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

5.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded !
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6.

When the Judge His feat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

4.

Death shall die—fair nature too ;
As the creature, ris'n anew,
Answers to' his God's review.

5.

HE the scroll of fate shall spread,
Writ with all things done or said,
Thence to judge th' awaken'd dead.

6.

Lo ! He takes His feat of light ;
All that's dark shall leap to fight,
Guilt, the sword of vengeance smite.

7.

What can I, then, wretched, plead ?
Who will mediate in my need
When the just shall scarce succeed ?

8.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

9.

Think ! Kind Jesu, my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !

10.

Faint and weary Thou hast fought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me !

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion !

8.

King majestic ! Sovereign dread !
Saving all for whom He bled,
Save Thou me ! Salvation's Head !

9.

Holy Jesus ! priceless stay !
Think ! for *me* Thy bleeding way !
Lose me not, upon That Day.

10.

Faint and weary, Thou hast fought,
By the Cross, my crown hast bought ;
Can such anguish be for naught ?

11.

Oh ! avenging Judge severe,
Grant remission, full and clear,
Ere th' accounting day appear.

12.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning !

13.

Thou, the sinful woman savest,
Thou, the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

14.

Worthless are my pray'rs and fighting,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

15.

With Thy favor'd sheep, O place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

12.

Like a guilty thing I moan,
Flush'd my cheek, my sins I own,
Hear, O God, Thy suppliant's groan !

13.

Magdalen found grace with Thee,
So the thief upon the tree ;
Hope Thou givest e'en to me.

14.

Worthless are my vows, I know,
Yet, dear Lord, Thy pity shew,
Lest I sink in endless woe.

15.

From the goats my lot divide,
With Thy lambs a place provide,
On Thy right and near Thy side.

16.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me ! with Thy faints furrounded.

17.

Low I kneel, with heart submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition ;
Help me, in my last condition !

18.

Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare ! O God, in mercy, spare him !

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem ! Amen.

16.

When th' accursèd sink in flame,
Given to tormenting flame,
With Thy blessed call my name.

17.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer ;
Heart like cinders, see, I bear ;
Its last throbbing be Thy care !

18.

AH ! THAT DAY of burning tears,
When from ashes reappears
Man all guilt, his doom to bear—
SPARE HIM, GOD ! IN MERCY, SPARE !

THE STABAT MATER.

THE STABAT MATER, with the *Dies Iræ*, possesses the power of imparting a shadowy impression of its meaning by the melody of its verse. Its soft, sad cadence echoes the feeling of its pathetic words. In fame it ranks next to the *Dies Iræ*, yet is neither so simple nor so grand; nor does it rise, like the Great Hymn, above sectarian faults. It has attracted the same great admiration, and been praised and repeated by the same great admirers, but always in a lesser degree. As the *Dies Iræ* has been pronounced the greatest, so the STABAT MATER universally is deemed the most pathetic of hymns.

The life of its author was in fit keeping with its plaintive utterances. He was born at Todi, of the noble Italian house of Benedette, and rose to distinction as a jurist. A few years

after the *Dies Iræ* was written (1268), he lost his wife, and, broken-hearted, renounced the world to join, like Thomas of Celano, the Order of St. Francis. In the ardor of his devotion, he tried to atone by self-fought tortures not only for his own sins, but, like our Saviour, for the sins of others. At last his sorrows sank into insanity and ended in death.

Dying about the time that Petrarch was born, and while Dante was still a young man, his *Cantate Spirituali* mark the dawning day of the Italian language. In an old Venetian copy of these, the historian of the Franciscans (Wadding) found a number of Latin poems, amongst which was the STABAT MATER, and thus established for the Order of St. Francis the honor of producing, within the same century, the two most celebrated of Latin hymns.

Few English versions of the STABAT MATER have been made, and not one which strictly preserves its measure. That of Lord Lindsay is selected here as best expressing the pathos of the original.

STABAT MATER.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

I.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.

II.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti !
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
Pia mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

THE STABAT MATER.

LORD LINDSAY.

I.

BY the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
While on it the Saviour hung ;
In that hour of deep distress,
Pierced the sword of bitterness
Through her heart with sorrow wrung.

2.

Oh ! how sad, how woe-begone
Was that ever-blest one,
Mother of the Son of God !
Oh ! what bitter tears she shed
Whilst before her JESUS bled
'Neath the Father's penal rod !

III.

Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

V.

Eia mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum
Ut illi complaceam.

3.

Who's the man could view unmoved
CHRIST's sweet mother, whom HE loved,
 In such dire extremity ?
Who his pitying tears withhold,
CHRIST's sweet mother to behold
 Sharing in His agony ?

4.

For the Father's broken law,
Mary thus the Saviour saw
 Sport of human cruelties—
Saw her sweet, her only Son,
God-forfaken and undone,
 Die a finless sacrifice !

5.

Mary mother, fount of love,
Make me share thy sorrow, move
 All my soul to sympathy !
Make my heart within me glow
With the love of JESUS—so
 Shall I find acceptancy.

VI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et tibi me sociare
In planctu desidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

6.

Print, O Mother, on my heart,
Deeply print the wounds, the smart
 Of my Saviour's chastisement ;
He who, to redeem my loss,
Deigned to bleed upon the cross—
 Make me share His punishment.

7.

Ever with thee, at thy side,
'Neath the CHRIST, the Crucified,
 Mournful mother, let me be !
By the Cross sad vigil keeping,
Ever watchful, ever weeping,
 Thy companion constantly !

8.

Maid of maidens, undefiled,
Mother gracious, mother mild,
 Melt my heart to weep with thee !
Crown me with CHRIST's thorny wreath,
Make me comfort of His death,
 Sharer of His victory.

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore filii.
Inflammatum et accensum,
Per te, Virgo, sum defensus,
In die iudicii.

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

9.

Never from the mingled tide
Flowing still from JESUS' side,
 May my lips inebriate turn ;
And when in the day of doom,
Lightning-like He rends the tomb,
 Shield, oh shield me, lest I burn !

10.

So the shadow of the tree
Where thy JESUS bled for me
 Still shall be my fortalice ;
So when flesh and spirit sever
Shall I live, thy boon, for ever
 In the joys of Paradise !

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

IN the year 997, “whilst the priesthood struggled to regain through their anathemas the property that had been taken from them by violence, a young man, who knew neither to threaten nor to lie, nor to inspire others with fear, succeeded to the royal dignity which his father had usurped. It was Robert, only son of Hugh Capet.”—*Sismondi, Hist. Français.*

This King, “there is no good reason to doubt” (*Königsfeld*), was the author of the VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, a hymn that the best living authority regards as “the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry.”—*Trench.*

The ability of Robert II. to have composed the hymn which ranks next to the *Dies Iræ* and

Stabat Mater, is not improbable, for, according to the chronicle of Saint Bertin, he was a faint, a poet, and a musician :

“ Robert étoit très-pieux, prudent, lettré, et suffisamment philosophe, mais surtout excellent musicien. Il composa la prose du Saint-Esprit, qui commence par ces mots, *Adsit nobis gratia*, les rythmes, *Judæ et Hierusalem*, et *Cornelius Centurio*, qu’il offrit à Rome sur l’autel de Saint-Pierre, notés avec le chant qui leur étoit propre, de même que l’antiphone *Eripe*, et plusieurs autres beaux morceaux.”

The translation which is here given is from the *Lyra Germanica* of Catherine Winkworth. That work professes to be translated from the German ; but its version of the VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS is a finer translation than any that professes to be from the Latin.

The only alteration which has been made in the text is the first word of the English version. As there was no reason for rendering the Latin verb by the English interjection “ O,” it is presumed that this was an unintended error of the usually faithful and scrupulous translator.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

ROBERT II.

I.

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus,
Lucis tuæ radium.

II.

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

III.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

I.

COME, Holy Ghost ! Thou fire divine !
From highest heaven on us down shine !
Comforter, be Thy comfort mine !

2.

Come, Father of the poor, to earth ;
Come with Thy gifts of precious worth ;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth !

3.

Thou rich in comfort ! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

IV.

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

V.

O lux beatissima !
Reple cordis intima,
Tuorum fidelium.

VI.

Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

VII.

Lava quod est fordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est faucium.

4.

Come Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noon-day heat,
Before whom mourning fieth fleet.

5.

Bright Sun of Grace ! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

6.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

7.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchèd souls Thy waters pour ;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

VIII.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

IX.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.

X.

Dā virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

8.

Thy will be ours in all our ways ;
O melt the frozen with Thy rays ;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

9.

And grant us, LORD, who cry to Thee,
And hold the Faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity.

10.

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss !

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

“CHARLEMAGNE, réclamé par l’Eglise comme un saint, par les Français comme leur plus grand roi, par les Allemands comme leur compatriote, par les Italiens comme leur empereur,” is the reputed author of this Latin hymn. Men naturally prefer to trace a venerable and renowned composition to an unexpected authorship, and to find the refinement of letters in those otherwise distinguished; still more, to discover in a great soldier and a great king the doubly refined gift of *sacred* poetry. It is not impossible. “The eloquence of Charlemagne,” says his Secretary, “was abundant. He was able to express with facility all he wished; and, not content with his mother-tongue, he bestowed great pains upon foreign languages. He had taken so well to the Latin, that he was able to speak publicly in that lan-

“guage almost as easily as in his own. He “understood Greek, and studied Hebrew.”

There remains of his muse an epitaph on Adrian I., in thirty-eight verses; the *Song of Roland*, an ode to the scholar Warnefride, and an epigram in hexameter verse. This epigram was found in a manuscript containing a commentary on the *Epistle to the Romans*, attributed to Origen, and corrected in the hand of Charlemagne. The subject of the hymn seems also to have engaged the attention of the Emperor, for there is a letter by him addressed to his bishops, entitled *De gratia septiformis Spiritus*. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his crown upon his head, and his copy of the Gospels upon his knees, January 28, 814.

The English version of the hymn is the paraphrase of Dryden, of which Warton says: “This “is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, “and one of his most correct compositions.” There is a translation in the Prayer Book (Ordering of Priests) which is noteworthy, as being the only Breviary hymn retained by the Episcopal Church.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CHARLEMAGNE.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

PLENTEOUS of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence !

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus :
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium ;
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri fit gloria
Et Filio qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

REFINE and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold 'em down.

CHASE from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace the fruit of love bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on the way.

MAKE us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

THE VEXILLA REGIS was written about the year 580—two hundred years before the time of Charlemagne, and seven hundred years before the birth of the English language. It is therefore one of the oldest of mediæval hymns.

Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian, whose birth-place is unknown, was in early life a citizen of Ravenna, from which he was driven by the great invasion of the Lombards. He passed into France, and became the fashionable poet of his time. Subsequently he devoted his talents to a holier object, and became the friend of Saint Radegunde and Saint Gregory. He removed to Tours, was made Bishop of Poitiers, and died about the year 600.

“ This world-famous hymn, one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church, was composed by Fortunatus on occasion of the reception of certain relics by Saint Gregory of Tours and Saint Radegunde, previously to the consecration of a church at Poitiers. It is therefore strictly and primarily a processional hymn, though, very naturally, afterwards adapted to Passion-tide.”—*Mediæval Hymns*.

“ C’est de Fortunat qu’est le VEXILLA REGIS composé, à l’occasion du morceau de la vraie croix, envoyé par l’empereur Justin à St. Radegonde.”—*Biographie Universelle*.

The last two verses were added when the hymn was appropriated to Passion-tide. The ending of Fortunatus is this :

“ With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou :
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with Triumphal lays :—

“ Hail, Altar ! Hail, O Victim ! Thee
Decks now Thy Passion’s Victory ;
Where Life for sinners death endured,
And life by death for man procured.”

VEXILLA REGIS.

FORTUNATUS.

I.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspendus est patibulo.

II.

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceæ,
Ut nos lavaret crimine
Manavit unda sanguine.

III.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fidei carmine
Dicens: In nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

DR. NEALE.

I.

THE Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flow'd, and blood.

3.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations GOD, faith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

IV.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

V.

Beata cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit sæculi,
Statera facta sæculi
Prædamque tulit tartaris.

VI.

O crux ave, spes unica !
Hoc passionis tempore,
Auge piis institiam
Reisque dona veniam.

VII.

Te summa Deus Trinitas
Collaudet omnis spiritus
Quas per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per sæcula.

4.

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest !

5.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

6.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the faint,
And pardon to the penitent.

7.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done ;
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

THIS famous Sequence, which may be regarded as the parent of every Hallelujah Chorus that has been written since, was composed by Godescalcus, prior to the year 950—the year of his death. The little that is known of him is given by his translator.

“There is only one thing,” says Dr. Neale, “with respect to the use of any of my hymns that has grieved me—the rejection of the noble melody of the ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE, and that for a third-rate chant. What would be said of chanting the *Dies Iræ*? And yet I really believe that it would suffer less than does the CANTEMUS CUNCTI by such a substitution. Further, be it noticed, every sentence—I had almost said every

word—of the version was carefully fitted to the music, and the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *troparion* in the original.”

“If it be said that the original melody is difficult, I can only reply that I have frequently heard it sung by a choir of children, of ages varying from four to fourteen; and never more prettily than when, without any accompaniment at all, in the open fields—the very small ones joining in for the greater part with the whole of their little energy.”—*Mediæval Hymns*.

CANTEMUS CUNCTI.

GODESCALCUS.

CANTEMUS cuncti melodum nunc
 ALLELUIA.

II. In laudibus æterni regis hæc plebs reful-
 tet
 ALLELUIA.

III. Hoc denique cœlestes chori cantent in
 altum
 ALLELUIA.

IV. Hoc beatorum per prata paradisiaca psallat
 concentus
 ALLELUIA.

V. Quin et astrorum micantia luminaria jubi-
 lent altum
 ALLELUIA.

VI. Nubium cursus, ventorum volatus, ful-
 gure coruscatio et tonitruum so-
 nitus dulce consonent simul
 ALLELUIA.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

DR. NEALE.

- THE strain upraise of joy and praise, *Alleluia.*
2. To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing *Alleluia.*
3. And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky *Alleluia.*
4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
home *Alleluia.*
5. The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say
Alleluia.
6. Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your *Alleluia.*

- vii. Fluctus et undæ, imber et procellæ, tem-
pestas et ferenitas, cauma, gelu,
nix, prunæ, faltus, nemora pan-
gant ALLELUIA.
- viii. Hinc variæ volucres creatorem laudibus
concinite cum ALLELUIA.
- ix. Ast illic respondeant voces altæ diversarum
bestiarum ALLELUIA.
- x. Istinc montium celsi vertices sonent
ALLELUIA.
- xi. Hinc vallium profunditates faltent
ALLELUIA.
- xii. Tu quoque maris jubilans abyssè dic
ALLELUIA.
- xiii. Nec non terrarum molis immensitates :
ALLELUIA.
- xiv. Nunc omne genus humanum laudans ex-
ultet : ALLELUIA.
- xv. Et creatori grates frequentans consonet :
ALLELUIA.
- xvi. Hoc denique nomen audire jugiter de-
lectatur . ALLELUIA.

7. Ye floods and ocean billows !
Ye storms and winter snow !
Ye days of cloudless beauty !
Hoar frost and summer glow !
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing *Alleluia.*
8. First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great CREATOR's praise, and say
Alleluia.
9. Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again
Alleluia.
10. Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
Alleluia.
11. There, let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.
12. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry *Alleluia.*
13. Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia.
14. To GOD, who all Creation made,
15. The frequent hymn be duly paid: *Alleluia.*
16. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
LORD of all things loves: *Alleluia.*

17. This is the song, the heav'nly song, that

CHRIST Himself approves : *Alleluia.*

18. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice

awaking, *Alleluia.*

19. And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia.

20. Now from all men be out-pour'd

Alleluia to the LORD ;

With Alleluia evermore

The SON and SPIRIT we adore.

21. Praise be done to the THREE in ONE.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

APPENDIX.

THE concluding lines of the extract given at page 4, are in the original :

“Si tua nuncia prævenit uncia, ferge, sequaris ;
 Expete limina, nulla gravamina jam verearis.
 Si datur uncia, stat prope gratia Pontificalis ;
 Sin procul hæc valet, hæc tibi lex manet est schola talis.”

The ninth and tenth stanzas of the STABAT MATER are more literally rendered in the following than in the version of Lord Lindsay. They also show the inability of the English double rhyme to express the pathos which invests the Latin.

“Let me with His stripes be rended ;
 Let me by His blood be cleansed—
 Looking to the Crucified.
 Then, O Virgin, by thee lighted,
 Wakened, warmed, aroused, excited,
 For the judgment sanctified.

“Let me by the Cross directed,
 By the death of CHRIST protected,
 See below His glory far.
 Then, this body mouldering, riven—
 Then be to my spirit given
 Paradisi Gloria !”

